#### SOME ODD STORIES.

ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS FAR OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Hermit of the African Forest and His Beautiful Daughter- The Baboon Woman Who Was Jealous of the Girl-Shot

Dead by the Distracted Father.

at least a thousand miles is a thickly wooded country inhabited by the giant gorilla, a creature as large as a man, some times larger. Why Alvarez Barriot should have made his home in such a wild region is something I never understood, although I imagined he had good reason for turning hermit and secluding himself and his beau-



THE BABOON WOMAN WAS JEALOUS. tiful daughter from the rest of the world. There I found them, living in the midst of a garden that was rich with flowers and fruits, apparently happy and contented. He welcomed me to his home, and I spent there a few of the most pleasant and de-lightful weeks of my life.

"The servant in Barriot's home was a strange and hideous woman of uncertain age, a creature with the most repulsive fea-tures I ever saw on human being, with hands and feet that seemed deformed and looked like claws. She always went bare-footed, absolutely refusing to wear shoes. Her voice was singularly gruff, and she spoke a kind of broken English that it took me a long time to understand. When she became angry, she would utter a chattering scream that reminded me of a monkey's cry the first time I heard it. This creature was exceedingly shy of me, although she would look at me from the first with her beady black eyes as if she longed to fly at my throat and fasten her clawlike fingers there. Barriot and his daughter called her

pulsive aspect, and I took an unaccounta-ble interest in her from the time I first saw her. I wondered what race or tribe she could belong to, and I finally became satisfied that there was a mingling of black and white blood in her veins. I longed to ques-tion the hermit concerning Molly, but be was a man who resented inquisitiveness, as I quickly discovered, and so I refrained. "Molly was devoted to Enithe Barriot,

to whom she was ever gentle and considerate. Indeed the hideous woman seemed to love her mistress passionately, and her jealousy was immediately aroused if she fancied Enithe was paying more attention to me than she ought. This jealousy be-came open and violent as the hermit's daughter and myself grew better acquaint ed and were in each other's company a

my fortune to meet. She knew no more of the great world beyond the limits of her garden home than her books and her fa-ther had told her. She would have created a sensation in any Fifth avenue reception room, but she had quite escaped the con-tamination that mingling with the world must bring to the most innocent maiden. I was charmed with her from the very first, and it was not long before I found myself completely enamored, but I felt it was like betraying the confidence of my host to win the affections of this fair child, and I should have departed with the secret of my pas-sion locked fast in my breast, but for Al-

"One day the hermit took me for a walk far into the forest, and there, seated be-neath the spreading branches of a mighty tree, we had a long talk. He questioned me about myself, and I answered every question as frankly and truthfully as I could, even though I was filled with wonder by his strange manner. At length, after some minutes of silence, he asked:

varez Barriot himself.

I could recover from the start it gave me. I told him I did, but I explained that I in-I told him I did, but I explained that I tended going away as soon as possible, that I might keep my love a secret. Then came ly in the middle of the double seat, while she seemed once more deeply interested in the locked awkward and at-

her to reveal the truth. You shall not take her from me, but if you are willing to mar-ry her and live with her here until I am dead and gove she shall be yours.

dead and gone she shall be yours.'
"It is needless to say I had no hesitation in agreeing to anything that would give me Enithe, even though I, too, were forced to turn hermit. When we had talked it over a long time, he suddenly said:
"'You must heweve of Molly for she

"You must beware of Molly, for she hates you. She is a baboon woman. You have heard of them? I rescued her from the great apes and tamed her, although she was like a wild animal at first. I am satisfied she was stolen from her parents by the baboons and brought up. Watch her,

"That night Enithe and I pledged our love beneath the stars. As I kissed her sweet lips for the first time. I heard a rustling in the bushes, and the next moment I was knocked flat and felt a great weight on my breast. Then two clawlike hands clutched my throat, and I saw the hideous Her flery eyes seemed to burn into my

face of the baboon woman close to my own. brain, and her harsh voice shricked; 'She mine! No have her! Kill, kill, "I fought with all my strength, but I was

not able to fling her off. It was wonderful what power she possessed. I heard the bones in my neck cracking, and I could not breathe. I was being strangled to death.

"Enithe's cries brought her father run-ning from the bouse, rifle in hand. The baboon woman saw him coming, and, with a wild, chattering scream, she released her hold on me and grasped the girl. In a mo-ment she had flung Enithe over her shoulder and fled into the forest.

"Barriot was nearly crazed when he realized what had happened. "The creature is carrying my child to the baboons!" he screamed. "We must follow and save her!

started to climb fue almost perpendicular face of the bluff, which lay in the full light of the moon. She carried Enithe, who was unconscious, as if the girl were a feather. Driven desperate, Barriot lifted his rifle and fired. The bullet crashed straight through Molly's head, and she fell dead at our feet. Enithe was unbarmed, and we

arried her back to her home. Dahlgren ceased speaking, and after time I ventured to say:
"You are not married. Enithe"-

"She is dead." He turned his face away and looked out

"Certainly there are such things as 'monkey men'—and monkey women, too," said Rodney Dahlgren, the famous traveler and African explorer. "Have I seen any of them? I have. There is a reason why I should never forget them. Yes, there is a story behind it. It is a most unpleasant recastory behind it is a most unpleasant recastory behind it. It is a most unpleasant recastory behind it is a most unpleasant recastory be satisfaction, as if he considered himself just about the proper article, and I im-mediately spotted him as a traveling man who was probably connected with some large dry goods or gentleman's furnishing establishment. Everything about him from his cravat to his patent leather shoes was just about as near correct as it could be, and it soon became plain he thought

be, and it soon became plain he thought himself simply irresistible.

The car was well filled, every seat being fully taken with the exception of one directly across the aisle from mydrummer, and the sole occupant of that was a decidedly pretty and rather stylish young girl who seemed to be traveling alone. She was certainly not more than 19, and while she had the air and appearance of one city bred there was also about her a sort of shyness that was naive and charming. She was that was naive and charming. there was also about her a sort of sayness that was naive and charming. She was reading a paper covered book, and she had a way of now and then lifting her great in-nocent dark eyes from the printed page and glancing about in a half alarmed manner that seemed very natural and "fetching."

even if it were assumed.

I saw the drummer watching the girl. and several times he coughed in a manner intended to attract her attention, but it was a long time before she favored him with a glance. He smiled, and her eyes dropped back to the book instantly, as if she had not seen him at all, but I saw a bit more color mount to her cheeks, while there was just the faintest movement of the mus cles about her pretty mouth.

cles about her pretty mouth.

After this matters progressed with greater rapidity, for, although she gave him no open encouragement, I fancied the girl was rather struck by the appearance of the drummer. Their eyes met two or three times, and she did not seem to take any further interest in her book, although she made a pretense of reading. She moved about restlessly in her seat, and finally, with a sudden gasp, as if she were stifling, tackled the window. She couldn't move it. That was the masher's opportunity. "I beg your pardon. Can I assist you?" He said it gracefully and courteously, and

she sank back to the seat, murmuring something I did not fully catch.

"I'll not positively agree to open it," he laughed, as he prepared for the attempt, betraying the fact that he had struggled with car windows before, "but I'll do it if such a thing is possible." Then he took hold and opened it without any great effort. She thanked him, and he lingered to ask her if there was anything more he could do. He was a decidedly "swift" young man, and before I could realize just how he had worked it he had transferred his grip across the aisle and was seated beside the girl, chattering to her in a courteous, easy man ner that quite fascinated me.

They got along famously, for all of the girl's shyness, and within half an hour a casual observer would have declared them friends of long standing. His voice was musical, and she had the sweetest smile l ever saw. He talked, and she smiled and smiled. I envied him.

At length a strapping big fellow cam sauntering through the swaying car on his way to the smoker. The moment his eyes fell on the drummer's face he uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and an instant later he gave the masher a resounding smash on the shoulder, crying: "Why, hello, Jack Clifford! Though you wouldn't be in for another month, but I suppose you couldn't keep away. How's Bess and the children? Been out to the

The drummer's face was gray, and his voice was cold and harsh as he said: "You have made a mistake, sir. I do not

The big fellow looked surprised, glancer at the girl and then straightened up, with

a sudden, knowing look, winking with the whole left side of his face, as he said: "Guess I have made a mistake. Thought I knew you, but I see I don't. Excuse me." Then he bent down and added in a stage

whisper that came distinctly to my ears "Ned Blake, Bob Crawford and some o the other boys are in the smoker. They'll be delighted to see you, Jack." He went on to the smoker, and saving

something in a low tone to the girl the drummer arose and followed, blood in his eye. I scented excitement, and I followed the drummer. It didn't take him long to find the big fellow, and it didn't take him long to convince the big fellow he had really made a mistake, as the drumme was an absolute stranger to "Ned Blake Bob Crawford and the other boys." He wanted to fight even after the big fellow "The question came with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, but I answered as soon as the crowd, and he returned to the other car in a badly demoralized condition.

While he was absent the girl had placed his grip in the alsle and settled herself fair-

I might keep my love a secret. Then came the greatest surprise of all.

"She loves you,' declared the hermit, his voice shaking with emotion. She told me so yesterday, but it needed no words from her to reveal the truth. You shall not take heart of a grindstone, and I heard her say, where to reveal the truth. "Sir!" in a tone that must have frozen him to the marrow, after which she resumed her reading as if he were not on earth at all The drummer's face turned crimson, and he gathered up his grip and fled from the car. Two hours later I saw him curled in a corner of the next car, his coat collar turned up around his face, on which there was a look that indicated he contemplated murder or suicide GILBERT PATTEN.

A Colored Irishman. A poorly clad little negro, almost pure black and with sparse, kinky hair, wan-dered into the city hall yesterday and said that he was in need. There was something

about his way of saying it that startled ev-erybody within both sight and hearing. "Where do you come from?" asked Mesenger Edward Heatherton when he heard

"From Oireland, sorr," replied the little man deferentially. "You don't mean you're an Irishman?"
"Yis, sorr. I was born five mile from

Skibberen, in the county Cork, sorr."
"Thigum thu Gaellet"
"Thigum gommoch?" And the little man began to rattle off Gaelle at a rate that necessitated the calling in of Clerk Michael F. Blake as interpreter. He pro-nounced George Grant, for that was the negro's name, a genuine Irishman of the

smoked variety.
Wiskinkie Daniel M. Donegan, the Tammany Hall collector, happened in while the Gaelic test was being applied.
"What is it?" he asked.

"An Irishman."
"Where's he from?"

"Skibbereen."
"That's my place in Ireland. What does he want!"
"Money."

"Same lay as mine. Everybody from Skibbereen's on it." "He knew the great cliff of rocks among the caves of which the baboons had their homes, and we were able to intercept Molly.

Seeing she was cut off, the wild woman New York Sun.

Skibbereen's on it."

The little man made a goodly collection of silver and bowed himself out with Blacksmithing. Job work executed at Short Notice.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Light That Glids Our Sorrow. There is no heart but hath its inner anguish, There is no eye but hath with tears been wet, There is no voice but hath been heard to languish O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no check, however bright its roses, But perished buds beneath its hues are hid: No eye that in its dewy light reposes But broken starbeams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing. However light and gay its words may be, But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming. Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies. Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming. The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! biessed light that gilds our night of sorrow Oh! baim of Gilead for our healing found, We know that peace will come with thee to morrow, And that afflictions spring not from the

Power of Short Words.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word, Or that the brief and plain must needs be o whom can this be true who once has heard The cry for help, the tongue that all men

When want or woe or fear is in the throat, So that each word gasped out is like a shriek Pressed from the sore heart or a strange, wild Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a

strength Which dies if stretched too far or spun too Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length. Let but this force of thought and speech be

mine, And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine— Light, but not heat—a flash, but not a blazel

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts; It serves of more than fight or storm to tell, The roar of waves that clash on rockbound

coasts.
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds The roar of guns, the groans of men that die On blood stained fields. It has a voice a well

For them that far off on their sick beds lie,

For them that weep, for them that mourn

the dead. For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand; To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep

With each, with all, these may be made In thought or speech or song in prose or -Joseph Addison Alexander.

time, And though the theme be sad or gay o

The Saddest Part.

When little Bess was but a child, She came to me one day And laid her head upon my cheek In her aweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her papa do?
With heart quite full of parent love
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on. The crown of youth Lay on her malden brow, Again she came unto me and said, "I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face!
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give Our treasures of the heart To those we love, but, oh, how hard It is from them to part.

For yesterday she came again, Just as a child of three, And blushing said, "He's there down

Though praise is very sweet to hear And human hearts are prone to love it, Yet, if unmerited, I fear "Tis scarce a thing for sense to covet.

The friend who, braving all my wrath, Holds up a mirror to my vision And shows me my ill chosen path Will never lead to fields Elysian Who marks my blunders, probes my faults,

While I with shame am inly quaking, Though my affection for him halts He is my friend and no mistaking But he who ever smiling comes

With honeyed words and flattering glance Vhose every praise all dissent shuns And chimes with all my vagrant fancies

He fans, 'tis true, my self esteem And gives free reign to dreams conceited, And in his presence it would seem That friendship's mission is completed;

And yet I cannot make it so, Howe'er I strive with logic clever, For in my Inmost heart I know

He is my enemy forever.

—Chicago Inter Ocean. Deeds of Aspiration.

What though your lot in life seems poor and small? What though in great accomplishment you

Let not the thought of this your soul appall, Nor think your days are spent without avail A noble aspiration is a deed
Though unachieved, and he who judges man
Upon his lofty throne will give it heed,
And all will be rewarded as they plan.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

Prudence.

I would not climb the mountain high, Ah, no! Those dizzy steps let others try; Let swift and strong both pass me by; In vales of calm humility Content I'll go.

I would not sail the mighty deep. Nay, nay!
Where tempests wild the billows sweep,
And ocean's monsters roll and leap;
Obscurity's safe shores Pil keep,
Nor tarther stray.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Love Above All. Whether climbing life's hill by a stony path Or calmly treading the vale below, With cheerful content she will meet her lot

If a true heart loves her and tells her so. You may give her your houses, your lands, you gold; Failing the jewel of love to bestow, the'll ency the poorest woman she knows Who has some one to love her and tells hereo

Adown her life stream she may peacefully glide Or against the winds he forced to row; Whatever befalls her she'll fearlessiy face Beside one who loves her and tells her so. —Harriet Newell Swanwick.

Sightseeing at Home. He who wanders widest Lifts no more of Nature's jealous veil Than he who from his doorway sees The mysteries of flowers and trees. Whistle

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